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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Henry de Pomeroy; or, the Eve of St. John: a Legend of Cornwall and Devon. By Mrs. Bray, author of "Trelawny," "Trials of the Heart," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

THE west as well as the north of our island is rich in that legendary lore so eminently useful to the poet and the writer of romance. Mrs. Bray, who resides in the former part of England, has, as it is well known to all our readers, successfully availed herself of the advantages of her location with a genuine feeling of enthusiasm for the task. In several of her previous writings she has raised on a ground-work of "old tradition" some of her very best tales of fiction; and the present romance of *Henry de Pomeroy* is not, in our estimation, inferior to any one of its predecessors. The original Sir Henry de Pomeroy was, it appears, a celebrated baron of Berry Pomeroy Castle, in the west, during the "spirit-stirring" times of the first Richard; a period that has often been selected by the poet and the novelist, and rendered familiar to all classes of the public by the *Ivanhoe* of Sir Walter Scott.

It is not a good practice to break in upon a story by telling it beforehand to the reader; we will, therefore, preserve our usual taciturnity in this respect, omit all observations that might trench upon the interest of the tale, and only generalise on the merits of the work.

In it is displayed Mrs. Bray's remarkable power of developing the workings of the human heart (in our opinion the most striking characteristic of all her writings): the historical matter introduced is very slight indeed, but faithful; it is used as the link to connect, rather than to unfold, the personages and events of her romance. The sketches of ancient manners are lively and curious, but always, as they ought to be, secondary objects; whilst the principal characters, their passions, their views, and the events of the narrative, form its most striking and attractive features. The catastrophe (which, in the introduction, Mrs. Bray assures us is founded on tradition) is of a fearful kind. In truth, the whole story is of a deep tragic cast, though agreeably relieved by sundry rich and excellent comic scenes among the humbler players in the piece, such as the cellarer and the sacristan of Tavistock Abbey, the fool, and the miller's maid, of these elder times, and an old nurse, who is one of the very best of these minor personages. We have only to add, that this romance is indeed a work of genius—throughout it is replete with nature; and if characters the most powerfully drawn, scenes of the highest dramatic effect, and a tale whose deep interest rises to the close, can insure success, these volumes will command it. Nor can we conclude our remarks without expressing a wish that we may shortly see such an edition of Mrs. Bray's former novels given to the public, as, by their cheapness in price, may render them accessible to all classes of readers.

We now proceed to give a few extracts. Here

* "Fitz of Fitz-ford," "Warleigh," "Trelawny," romances; and (historical and general) "The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy."

is a very picturesque and graphic sketch of some of the principal characters of the romance.

"Shall we look at the group assembled in the abbot's chamber, gentle reader, before we proceed to the matter of their discourse? The picture it presents to our view is striking; it is worth a moment's pause. There sits the abbot at the head of the board; he has exchanged his dress of state for one of private ease; his air and demeanour are less austere, more pleasing. This is the hour of domestic indulgence without ceremony. Yet even now, his stateliness of carriage being natural to him, cannot wholly be laid aside; and though his mind is in repose, yet is there something in the expression of those quiescent features, and in the glance of that haughty and penetrating eye, that seems to say the passions which have left so strong an impress in their course, did but slumber for awhile, and were liable to be roused up on the slightest call of offended pride, to resume their empire with all their wonted force. Near the abbot sits Sir Henry de Pomeroy; there is in him a luxuriousness of manly beauty in its bloom, mingled with a free and soldier-like air, that altogether would render the young and gallant knight a fit representative for a painter who wished to portray an Anthony after victory, in his hours of voluptuous ease. His beautiful hair, with its long curled and perfumed locks, his fair forehead, and his looks of indolent enjoyment, being singularly contrasted with the general form and structure of his body and his limbs, which indicate strength and vigour of a more than ordinary kind. In the finest possible relief, if we may be allowed so to express ourselves, to this luxuriousness of youthful beauty, is seen the palmer. He stands with his eyes intently fixed upon the young warrior, who forms so remarkable a contrast to his own tall and sombre figure, wrapped in the long and ample folds of his simple and coarse gown; his head, now bare, for he had taken off his pilgrim's hat, is of the most marked kind. The countenance pale, the features regular, and though a good deal wrinkled about the eyes and brow, yet not other than handsome; whilst the long beard falling over the bosom, gives, as a beard always does, so venerable an air to the head, that he looks many years older than he really is. The two or three other pilgrims who are present add to the picturesque character of the group, as they are all persons of a goodly form and mien; and Cædmon the Saxon, the favourite page of the abbot, availing himself of his privilege to be near his lord's person, now sits on a low stool near his feet, and completes the picture."

Here is one of the best descriptions in the volumes—of morning and a hunting-field:—

"The morning had dawned with the fairest promise; only a few light and fleecy clouds were floating slowly in the sky; and the mist which hung about the towers indicated a day that would prove clear and genial, when those vapours should disperse before the warmth of a May sun. Nothing could be more cheering than was such a morning to the company, who now set forth from the castle. The breeze fanned, but scarcely blew; the air was scented with the fragrance of the white-blossomed

hawthorn and the early flowers of spring; the Tavy was shining bright, and running gladly along its bed of rocks and stones; not a rill of water but crept from its hiding-place, under banks entangled with briars and weeds, or thickly set with their clusters of *primeroles* (to use old Chaucer's word for that palest and prettiest of yellow flowers); and all the streamlets came forth to run their course as joyously as did the river itself in the light of the sun. The dew still overspread the grass, sparkled on the hedges, or hung as a jewel on every flower. The beautifully limbed and richly coloured cattle, so peculiar to Devon, were seen in the meadows; and the tinkling of sheep-bells among the hills gave a pleasing intimation of those numerous flocks which, from time immemorial, have constituted the chief wealth of the landholders of the west. As the party rode forward, they now and then saw a hare or a rabbit, that had been started from its covert, scud timidly across the grass, and hie for shelter to the hollows and bushes that lay on every side; whilst the birds, secure on this day from all molestation (as the company carried no hooded hawks to let fly upon them at pleasure), safe in their airy realm, and seeming as if conscious there was a peace proclaimed to the feathered nations, gladly gave notice of it to their mates and companions by their warblings and songs, and by answering each other's call in a cheering note from tree to tree. The bee, with its humming ditty, sped from bush to bank, to taste how sweet the dew might be that lay in the bell of the hyacinth, or on the wild thyme or the may. And the dragon-fly, with its gossamer wings, and its body of gold and gems, darted by; and the yellow butterfly, ever the first seen in spring, seemed, as it sported among the sunny flowers, as if one of the *primeroles* had become instinct with life, and had taken wing, on this fair morning. Indeed, so delightful was the scene, and all its accompaniments, that every heart rejoiced under the influences of the invigorating air and the soul-inspiring face of nature. The king of forests, the stately stag, that was on this day to become the object of the sports, was soon unharboured. Three long notes on the bugle gave the signal for uncoupling the hounds. And now, not only the abbot and his train, but many of the household from the castle, were seen urging forward their gallant steeds to join the hunt. Some rushed from the heights, others started from the valleys and glens; all appeared animated by one impulse, an ardour for the chase; a passion which, in all countries and ages, in his savage or in his civilised state, seems natural to man. The uncoupling the dogs, as they stood with their deep-mouthed bayings, proclaiming their impatience, 'straining on the slips,' was the work of a few minutes; and 'Cheerily, Hector!'—'Away, Tristram!'—'On, Brute!'—'Hyke, a Rowland!'—formed a joyous acclaim from the throats of the huntsmen, as they hallooed on the hounds. The hart had already sprung forward at the sight of his enemies, his dappled sides shaking with sudden fear, and tossing high his head, as his antlers broke through, crushed, or tore down many a branch that crossed his path, and was opposed

to his flight in the forest where he had been started from his lair. Horsemen and horses strained after him in pursuit; scarcely did the hoofs of the animals imprint the ground; whilst the dogs, with that swift springing motion which makes them seem to skim rather than to tread the earth, with wide-expanded nostrils, snuffing over turf and mire, so as to keep the scent, gave no rest to the hunted hart, which, still flying before them, through forest, stream, and vale, at length took the direction towards the moor, and was speedily on that part of it called Cudlipp Town. Soon did the horsemen follow. All were now engaged in the very heat of the chase: the winding bugle, the shouts of the hunters, the baying of the dogs, altogether made up a chorus that rang through the woods, and shook like distant thunder the echoes of the sylvan scene."

An old crusader may be cited as a portrait of bygone times:—

"Old Wulfred was known the country round, and universally respected. He was, in fact, the village oracle. Men of his own standing (few such remained) would sit with him and hear him discuss, with mutual satisfaction, how different things were now to what they used to be; how much worse the world was grown: there were no such men now as he could recollect in his boyish days; men who resisted to the last the yoke of the Norman conquest, and died when they could do no more. The villagers, of both sexes and all ages, loved to congregate around the old Saxon crusader, to hear him tell them tales of the perils he had run, the sights he had seen, and the battles he had been engaged in by land and by sea—as all sat in silent wonder, not unallied to fear, with eyes, ears, and mouths open, as they listened in breathless attention to such accounts. Even some of the higher and prouder classes were not altogether without sympathy for Wulfred. Many a Norman knight, forgetting his prejudices against a Saxon born, would feel some kindly emotions spring up within his breast at the sight of those silver hairs and that venerable aspect, if he chanced to meet the old man in his rounds; as, with a shaking hand, he would doff his thrum bonnet and give the noble stranger a *Salve, Domine*—for he knew as much Latin as composed a Catholic blessing. Even the most thoughtless among the young and the proud would often, almost involuntarily, rein up his horse, instead of dashing forward, as the worn-out crusader drew near. Some would throw an esterling into his cap, for the sake of the white head that it left bare, whilst he so meekly drew it off; and the placid smile that expressed his thanks had in it so much to call forth pity and respect, that frequently the traveller would look back, as he passed on, after giving his small alms, and would think that, though he was himself so much better off in the world than that poor serf, may be he should never live to make so fine an old man. Many a title of respect was given him, to which he laid no claim—for some called him *master*; all the maidens in the village called him Father Wulfred, and the children, Old Father Wulfred. And, above all, with children was he an especial favourite; they knew his haunts and his ways; they knew when he went to mass or to confession; the particular corner of the bench on which he sat when at church, to avoid the current of air from the door,—for age and infirmity had made even this once-hardy cross-bowman painfully susceptible of the cold blast. All left that seat unoccupied for him, whether or not he went to church. The children knew, also, when they

might tease him to play with them at fighting the Saracens, and he to be King Richard; and when they must leave off and let him alone. And they never forgot what sort of ash and hazel-branches he liked best to have brought to him, when they wanted him to cut them up into lances, or to make them into bows, and string them for their games; and long ago had he instructed them how to cry, 'Remember the Holy Sepulchre!' every evening at sundown, as if he had been still in the camp of the crusaders. As Cædmon approached, he perceived Wulfred sitting, without his thrum bonnet, at the foot of the cross, basking in the sun. Old people and children seldom find it too ardent; like kittens, they love to enjoy themselves or to play in its beams. Two or three little ones were gathered round him; whilst Wulfred, leaning with both hands on the head of his staff, was trying to sing to them an old camp-tune, in a tremulous voice, by way of accompaniment to a Saxon glee-game they had learnt from his instructions. As he thus sat, his white hairs glittering like threads of silver in the sun, and his hale and ruddy cheek wearing a deeper flush than usual from its warmth, he looked like one whom time had approached with a gentle hand, as if reluctant to overthrow the manhood of a soldier, who had so bravely, and for so many years, resisted all attacks of the most adverse fortune."

The following is a pathetic account of the widow and her son:—

"'Oh! there is no being brave with God, when he visits,' said Wulfred; 'for God it was, and no evil spirit, I am assured by what followed, who thus shook me when I thought upon my sins. Amongst the greatest was disobedience—disobedience to a poor, lone, widowed mother. She was a cotter of my Lord Oswy, and I was his serf. It was my duty to labour on my lord's land, and to work in the spot of ground that was beside her dwelling. I was all the world to her; and yet, without being forced to do so by my chief, I left her, and my peaceable way of life, to join the folk at the castle, as bearing a cross-bow seemed to me more manly than to handle a spade. I thought not of my mother's grey hairs, nor of her loneliness, when I left her bereft of all comfort, to follow your grandsire.' 'But she was well cared for,' said Cædmon. 'I have heard that the generous Oswy never left his poor cotters to want bread. She must, then, have been cared for.' 'Ay, that she was,' said Wulfred; 'and the last care was soon shewn for her; for she never held up her head after I deserted her. She remained in the same poor cottage, mourning and pining, like a bird that droops rather than lives in the same nest, when its young ones have been carried away from it. She had, however, soon no more need of me, nor of any thing else; for she broke her heart with sorrow—signed herself out of life, and sunk down to her last sleep as quiet as a child to its rest; leaving to me to feel, in due season, as I deserved to feel, all the pangs of her dying. I am even now as I was when I lay sick on my straw, and thought upon these things.' Wulfred wiped his sleeve across his eyes, whose tears shewed how young the old could be in feeling, when looking back on past times. At length he recovered in some degree his resolution, and thus continued his tale:—'How I thought of my poor mother, and how I was punished for my disobedience to her, you may well suppose, gentle Cædmon, from what I have said of the sufferings of my prison. Hour after hour I lay on my straw, and thought of her till I could fancy I could see her; see her with the tears in her eyes, and hear her as, with

words and tones that made my heart sick to recall them, she begged me to stay with her, and not to go as a cross-bowman to the castle, since my lord would not compel me to do so. And then I thought how hard-hearted I had been, and hated myself for it. And I could see her of an evening, in my fancy, as she used to sit at her cottage-door, plying her needles of bone to make me, her thankless son, a bonnet or hose. And I seemed, as I thus looked at her in my mind, to sit once more by her side, and to listen to her affectionate words, as she would call me the joy of her heart—a joy that broke her heart at the last; and I could see her, I thought, and the very woodbine and roses that grew round the door of her dwelling; and then would I weep to think that now no flower bloomed for her but what was on her grave.'"

In the third volume there are some scenes that afford good subjects for extract—such as the sketch of a storm on St. Michael's Mount:—

"The evening became every minute more and more dismal; the heavens seemed to hang heavily poised in middle air, as if about to descend in clouds and gloom upon the waters; and as this heavy mass of vapours occasionally opened, they disclosed the sun's disk, of a dull red hue, on the breast of the ocean, giving a character of sombre sublimity to the extent of sea over which it flung its departing beams, as if to render but the more distinctly visible the angry and threatening billows that came rolling in with tumultuous succession towards the shore. The winds rose no less than the waves, and with sounds so loud and dismal, that, combined with the roaring of the waters, they might seem, to the ear of fancy, like a requiem for the devoted souls who, on this night, might be destined to perish by a raging ocean and an irresistible tide. The sea-mews also gave notice of the tempest, by their clamours, as they winged their way to the crags among the rocks. The storm visited the mount with unmitigated fury. Its fitful gale shook with rude blasts the pictured windows of its venerable chapel, whistled shrilly through the hollow clefts of the rock, and caused the nun to cross herself in her cell, and to say a prayer to St. Michael, the protecting angel of all high places, as the ancient towers of the convent trembled, and the old doors creaked and burst open, whilst the very foundations of the rock seemed to shake to their centre with the fury of the storm. At length, for a short space, there fell an unnatural calm. The winds paused in their wild yet solemn anthem; and so much did the gloom deepen during that portentous calm, that night seemed as if about to anticipate her hour, and to chase the twilight of a summer evening from the earth. But this 'strange tranquillity' was but like the pause which sometimes occurs in the headlong career of human passions—a pause in which the physical powers appear to gather up their concentrated strength to give yet greater force to the moral tempest in its most appalling burst. Even so was it now. The darkness, which hung as a shroud about St. Michael's, was, in a moment dispersed by a sheet of liquid fire, that, attracted, no doubt, by the height of the rock, appeared to pour down upon it the electric matter with which the clouds were surcharged, as they gathered above the crest of the lofty mount. Flash succeeded flash, darkness light: the howling of the winds accompanied the roaring of the ocean and the screaming of the gulls, as the giant billows rolled onward, stronger, higher, fiercer, at every rush, whilst a raging tide lent both force and speed to their advance."

The antiquarian notices with which all the descriptive portions of the work are rendered as true as if it were an archaeological treatise, add greatly to its value; and are yet so graphic and light, that the veriest novel-reader must peruse them with pleasure. The instructive has rarely been communicated in a more captivating form—the twelfth century never made more agreeable to the nineteenth.

Fragmenta Historicorum Græcorum. Paris, 1841. Didot.

THE above is the title of the eleventh volume of the *Bibliothèque des Classiques Grecs*,—a work now in the course of publication at Paris under the auspices of M. Firmin Didot, a name so honourably connected with literary enterprise in France. The object of the undertaking is to furnish a cheap and commodious collection of all the most approved Greek authors; whose works are not merely to be reprinted, but submitted to the care and revision of chosen editors,—the *virī clarissimi doctissimique* of the Continent. The present volume contains the fragments of Hecataeus, Charon, Xanthus, Hellanicus, Pherecydes, Acusilaus, Apollodorus; of the Sicilian chroniclers, Antiochus, Philistus, and Timæus; and of Ephorus, Theopompus, Phylarchus, Clitodemus, Phanodemus, Androtio, Demo, Philochorus and Ieter, arranged under the superintendence of Charles and Theod. Müller; and if we may guess at the proportions of Hercules from his foot, and judge of this gigantic design from the specimen before us, no small acquisition would seem to have been made by the learned world in the execution of M. Didot's idea. It would far exceed the limits of our journal to enter into a discussion upon the respective value of each of these shattered historians, or on the manner in which their remains have severally been brought before the public in this edition; the name of the editors, however, is a sufficient guarantee for the soundness and accuracy of the text as a whole. A preface to each author furnishes all the information concerning him that the reader may require; and though the notes attached are but few, their place is in a great measure supplied by a Latin version, which every where accompanies the Greek text; but which, however, is not always quite so literal as might have been desired. As for the order which has been observed in the classification of these chaotic remains, all seems to have been done of which the case will admit; but this is a point which, we confess, appears to us of the slightest importance. To form so many minute and unconnected particles into any thing resembling a whole, is a task which the most imaginative genius, even though that of a German, may well despair to attempt, and which might even defy the powers of that celebrated elixir which is recorded to have brought together the *disiecta membra* of an individual who had met with the misfortune to have been blown up in a powder-mill. Scraps of history and genealogy, family anecdotes, mythological legends, traits of national manners and customs, names of cities, mountains, and rivers, marvellous traditions, strange tales of travellers, and fearful casualties, rivaling those in Baker's Chronicle, lie side by side in hopeless confusion, without a chance of a principle of consistency being introduced, though they should be transposed in every possible way of which the doctrine of permutations will allow. And yet, disjointed as these fragments are and ever must be, their value is too notorious for any apology or expla-

nation to be needed for their collection. They disclose the sources from which much of the information of those historians who have come down to us in a more perfect form must have been derived, and thus enable us to correct many of their misstatements and false deductions—to restore the true reading of some passages, and perceive the meaning, so long misunderstood, of others. Though they admit of no combination among themselves, and bear no relation to each other, yet they often find their proper place elsewhere, and help to smooth down the angles or fill up the gaps of another system. Of incalculably small weight themselves, they serve to turn the scale when two mighty and rival theories are equally balanced; and thus it is that in the hand of a Niebuhr, insignificant as they are, they become the instruments with which the historical belief of centuries is overthrown. Feeble and broken as is the light they throw, it is sufficient to make the time-honoured traditions of antiquity melt away before it into myths, and to perform the converse of poetry, by reducing local habitations and names cherished through ages into their original airy nothingness.

In addition to these sibylline records, two dissertations are added on the Arundel marbles and the Rosetta stone—historical fragments in the more literal and material sense of the word; the former from the pen of C. Müller, the latter from that of M. Letronne. The Parian chronicle and its contents are too well known to need any description; on the Rosetta stone, however, a few words may not be misplaced. It was, in the first instance, the property of France—having been discovered in the course of some excavations by the French army in Egypt; but on their retreat, it fell into the hands of the English, and eventually found its way into the British Museum, where it now remains. It consists of a block of basalt, on which there are inscriptions of a decree in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, in three characters—the sacred Egyptian, or hieroglyphic—the demotic, or the letters in common use in Egypt—and the Greek. It was by means of this species of lexicon that the first steps were made towards the formation of an hieroglyphical alphabet: the Greek text was soon translated and illustrated by Porson, Heyne, and the scholars of that time; while Dr. Young and Champollion divide the honour of the discovery of the expressions in the Egyptian text respectively answering to those of the Greek. The proper names were naturally the easiest of detection, as occurring frequently, and being surrounded by a ring or border. Other words too, such as shrine, king, priest, which constantly recur, were gradually obtained; and in course of time, as fresh inscriptions have been collated, the whole has been rendered legible. M. Letronne has been fortunate enough to have enjoyed for his translation and essay the invaluable assistance of the notes of Champollion Fils, the history of which would furnish D'Israeli with another instance of literary thefts. It appears that in 1824 Champollion requested from M. Letronne a literal translation of the Greek text to be employed for his great work on Egyptian inscriptions, and promised in return an account of the discrepancies between the versions, with the sense of the Egyptian where the Greek had been effaced. At the death of Champollion, M. Letronne's performance was forthcoming among the papers of the departed scholar; but Champollion's own analysis had disappeared, and with it several other important documents, such as the first part of his essay on the notation of time, and a considerable portion of his

dictionary of hieroglyphics. These long-lost remains have at last been discovered, having been found among the ill-cared treasures of a *savant* at his decease, who had contrived to get them into his possession, and whom, it is said, "on hésitait d'autant plus à soupçonner, qu'il déplorait lui-même publiquement la perte irréparable de ces précieux matériaux." The recovery of these notes, with the learning and sagacity of the editor, to whom they have been entrusted, makes this closing dissertation one of the most interesting portions of the volume. A conclusion at which M. Letronne arrives, from internal evidence, is, that the language in which this decree was first drawn up was the Greek, as might have been expected from its being the one used by the government of the day. He sees strong points of resemblance between its style and that of Polybius, and places it far above that of the Septuagint for purity. He supposes that all public acts in those times were composed officially in the Greek, and then, like this, handed over to the scribes to be translated into the language of the conquered people.

It would be impossible for us to furnish a review commensurate to the importance and extent of an undertaking like this of M. Didot, and especially upon the study of a single volume of the vast classical and literary fabric. The spirit of Greece has infused itself into the literature and mode of thought of Europe, as universally as that of Rome is mixed up with its laws. There is no branch of study in which the tone of the inquirer's mind may not feel the salutary influence of an acquaintance with the Hellenic masters. And we trust that this notice, short as it is, may have the effect of calling public attention to this edition of their works, in which all that can throw any light on the history and genius of that imperishable people is supposed to be brought into one mighty and available whole.

DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.

[Second Notice.]

HERE is the portrait of a singular young lady, an *infidel-ish* sort of person, to whom Miss Burney was introduced at a Bath party.

"Mrs. Lambart begged to speak to me. She was on a sofa with Miss W—, who, it seemed, desired much to be introduced to me; and so I took a chair facing them. Miss W— is young and pleasing in her appearance; not pretty, but agreeable in her face, and soft, gentle, and well-bred in her manners. Our conversation, for some time, was upon the common Bath topics; but when Mrs. Lambart left us—called to receive more company—we went insensibly into graver matters. As I soon found, by the looks and expressions of this young lady, that she was of a peculiar cast, I left all choice of subjects to herself, determined quietly to follow as she led; and very soon, and I am sure I know not how, we had for topics the follies and vices of mankind; and, indeed, she spared not for lashing them. The women she rather excused than defended, laying to the door of the men their faults and imperfections; but the men, she said, were all bad—all, in one word, and without exception, sensualists! I stared much at a severity of speech for which her softness of manner had so ill prepared me; and she, perceiving my surprise, said, 'I am sure I ought to apologise for speaking my opinion to you—you, who have so just and so uncommon a knowledge of human nature. I have long wished ardently to have the honour of conversing with you; but your party has, altogether, been regarded as so formidable, that I have not had courage to ap-

proach it.' I made, as what could I do else? disqualifying speeches; and she then led to discouraging of happiness and misery: the latter she held to be the invariable lot of us all: and 'one word,' she added, 'we have in our language, and in all others, for which there is never any essential necessity, and that is—*pleasure*!' and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke. 'How you amaze me!' cried I; 'I have met with misanthropes before, but never with so complete a one; and I can hardly think I hear right when I see how young you are.' She then, in rather indirect terms, gave me to understand that she was miserable at home, and, in very direct terms, that she was wretched abroad; and openly said that to affliction she was born, and in affliction she must die; for that the world was so vilely formed as to render happiness impossible for its inhabitants. There was something in this freedom of repining I could by no means approve; and as I found, by all her manner, that she had a disposition to even respect whatever I said, I now grew very serious, and frankly told her, that I could not think it consistent with either truth or religion to cherish such notions. 'One thing,' answered she, 'there is, which I believe might make me happy, but for that I have no inclination: it is an amorous disposition; but that I do not possess. I can make myself no happiness by intrigue.' 'I hope not, indeed!' cried I, almost confounded by her extraordinary notions and speeches; 'but surely, there are worthier subjects of happiness attainable!' 'No, I believe there are not; and the reason the men are happier than us is because they are more sensual.' 'I would not think such thoughts,' cried I, clasping my hands with an involuntary vehemence, 'for words!' The Misses C— then interrupted us, and seated themselves next to us; but Miss W— paid them little attention at first, and soon after none at all; but, in a low voice, continued her discourse with me, recurring to the same subject of happiness and misery: upon which, after again asserting the folly of ever hoping for the former, she made this speech: 'There may be, indeed, one moment of happiness; which must be, the finding one worthy of exciting a passion which one should dare own to herself. That would, indeed, be a moment worth living for! but that can never happen—I am sure not to me—the men are so low, so vicious, so worthless. No; there is not one such to be found.' What a strange girl! I could do little more than listen to her, from surprise at all she said. 'If, however,' she continued, 'I had your talents, I could, bad as this world is, be happy in it. There is nothing, there is nobody I envy like you. With such resources as yours, there can never be *ennui*; the mind may always be employed and always be gay. Oh, if I could write as you write!' 'Try,' cried I; 'that is all that is wanting: try, and you will soon do much better things!' 'O no! I have tried, but I cannot succeed.' 'Perhaps you are too diffident. But is it possible you can be serious in so dreadful an assertion as that you are never happy? Are you sure that some real misfortune would not shew you that your present misery is imaginary?' 'I don't know,' answered she, looking down, 'perhaps it is so,—but in that case 'tis a misery so much the harder to be cured.' 'You surprise me more and more,' cried I; 'is it possible you can so rationally see the disease of a disordered imagination, and yet allow it such power over your mind?' 'Yes; for it is the only source from which I draw any shadow of felicity. Sometimes, when in the country, I give way

to my imagination for whole days; and then I forget the world and its cares, and feel some enjoyment of existence.' 'Tell me what is, then, your notion of felicity? Whither does your castle-building carry you?' 'O, quite out of the world,—I know not where, but I am surrounded with sylphs, and I forget every thing besides.' 'Well, you are a most extraordinary character, indeed; I must confess I have seen nothing like you!' 'I hope, however, I shall find something like myself, and, like the magnet rolling in the dust, attract some metal as I go.' 'That you may attract what you please, is of all things the most likely; but if you wait to be happy for a friend resembling yourself, I shall no longer wonder at your despondency.' 'Oh!' cried she, raising her eyes in ecstasy, 'could I find such a one!—male or female—for sex would be indifferent to me—with such a one I would go to live directly.' I half laughed, but was perplexed in my own mind whether to be sad or merry at such a speech. 'But then,' she continued, 'after making, should I lose such a friend, I would not survive.' 'Not survive?' repeated I, 'what can you mean?' She looked down, but said nothing. 'Surely you cannot mean,' said I very gravely indeed, 'to put a violent end to your life?' 'I should not,' said she, again looking up, 'hesitate a moment.' I was quite thunderstruck, and for some time could not say a word; but when I did speak, it was in a style of exhortation so serious and earnest, I am ashamed to write it to you, lest you should think it too much. She gave me an attention that was even respectful; but when I urged her to tell me by what right she thought herself entitled to rush unlicensed on eternity, she said, 'By the right of believing I shall be extinct.'"

RESIDENCE ON THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC.

[Second Review.]

HAVING caught, and submitted to, the usual Petersburg fever, to which all strangers are liable, our countrywoman journeyed overland, in bitter winter-weather, to Reval, where a loving and hospitable reception awaited her from a near relative, wedded to an Estonian magnate. The details about both town and country are, as we have stated, rather of the longest, or prolix, order; but there is much in them which will repay the reading; and as we confined our first Review entirely to the voyage and Petersburg, we shall take leave to offer our readers the most interesting particulars relative to Eatonia. Thus we are told:—

"It is seldom that a foreigner enters a new country as I have done this—just in time to be too late: summer's busy workshop has long been closed, and nature has shrouded herself deep within her monumental garments—though, with the true spirit of classical coquetry, like the Spartan maiden of yore, she leaves here and there a rent to give an inkling of what is beneath, and whet the appetite for hidden beauties,—shews me here a line of grey rocks butting through the snow, and there a dashing cascade, which the frost has not completely stiffened, until I am as impatient for her unrobing as any Lacedæmonian lover. There is something, however, very exhilarating in this breathless, still, bright cold—with a clean white expanse—a spotless world before you—every tree fringed—every stream stopped—freedom to range over every summer impediment; while the crystal snow, lighting up into a delicate pink or pearly hue, or glistening with the brightest prismatic colours beneath the clear,

low sun, and assuming a beautiful lilac or blue where our long shadows intercept its rays, can no longer be stigmatised as a dead, lifeless white. We walk every day; and no sooner are the heavy double doors which effectually seal our house heard to open, than half a dozen huge, deep-mouthed cattle-hounds come bounding to meet us through the deep snow, oversetting, with the first unwieldy caress, some little one of our party, scarce so tall as themselves, and even besetting the biggest with a battery of heavy demonstrations, to which it is difficult to present a firm front. Sometimes we take the beaten track of the road, where peasants with rough carts, generally put together with less iron than an English labourer would wear in his shoes, pass on in files of nine or ten—as often as not the sheepish-looking driver with his elf-locks superadding his own weight to the already overladen little horse,—or where a nimble-footed peasant-woman, with high cap and clean sheepskin coat, plunges half-leg high into the deep snow to give you room, and nodding, and shewing her white teeth, cheerily ejaculates, '*Terre hommikust*,' or, 'Good day.' Or we follow a track into the woods so narrow that we walk in each other's steps like wild Indians; and the great dogs sink up to their bodies in the snow whilst endeavouring to pass us. This is the land of pines—lofty erect battalions—their bark as smooth as the mast of a ship—their branches regular as a ladder, varying scarce an inch in girth in fifty feet of growth—for miles interrupted only by a leaning, never a crooked, tree—with an army of sturdy Lilliputians clustering round their bases—fifty heads starting up where one yard of light is admitted. What becomes of all the pruning, and trimming, and training—the days of precious labour spent on our own woods? Nature here does all this, and immeasurably better; for her volunteers, who stand closer, grow faster, and soar higher, than the carefully planted and transplanted children of our soil. Here and there a bare, jagged trunk, and a carpet of fresh-hewn boughs beneath, shew where some peasant-urchin has indulged in sport which with us would be amenable to the laws—viz. mounted one of these grenadiers of the forest, hewing off every successive bough beneath him, till, perched at giddy height aloft, he clings to a tapering point which his hand may grasp. The higher he goes, the greater the feat, and the greater the risk to his vagabond neck in descending the noble and mutilated trunk. In perambulating these woods, the idea would sometimes cross us, that the wolves—the print of whose footsteps, intercepted by the dotted track of the hare, and slenderly defined claws of numerous birds, are seen in different directions, and even beneath the windows of our house—might prowling by day as well as by night. One day when, fortunately perhaps, unescorted by the huge dogs, we were mounting a hill to a neighbouring mill, my companion suddenly halted; and, laying her hand on mine, silently pointed to a moving object within fifty yards of us. It was a great brute of a wolf stalking leisurely along—its high bristly back set up, its head prowling down—who took no notice of us, but slowly pursued the same path into the wood, which we had quitted a few minutes before. We must both plead guilty to blanched cheeks, but beyond this to no signs of cowardice; and, in truth, the instances are so rare of their attacking human beings, even the most defenceless children, that we had no cause for fear. They war not on man, unless under excessive pressure of hunger; or when, as in the case of

a butcher, his clothes are impregnated with the smell of fresh blood. This is so certain an attraction, that peasants carrying butchers' meat are followed by wolves, and often obliged to compound for their own safety by flinging the dangerous commodity amongst them; or, if in a sledge, three or four of these ravenous animals will spring upon the basket of meat, and tear it open before their eyes. Wherever an animal falls, there, though to all appearance no cover nor sign of a wolf be visible for miles round, several will be found congregated in half an hour's time. Such is their horrid thirst for blood, that a wounded wolf knows that only by the strictest concealment can he escape being torn in pieces by his companions. As for the dogs, it is heartrending to think of the numbers which pay for their fidelity with their lives. If a couple of wolves prowl round a house, or fold, at night, a dozen dogs, with every variety of tone, from the sharp yap of the shepherd's terrier to the hoarse bay of the cattle-hound, will plunge after them, and put them to flight; but if one, more zealous, venture beyond his companions, the cunning brutes face about, seize him, and before three minutes are over, there is nothing left of poor *carrier pois*, or sheep-boy—a common name for these great mastiffs—but a few tufts of bloody hair. The cattle defend themselves valiantly; and the horses, and the mares especially who have a foal at their side, put themselves in an attitude of defence, and parry off the enemy with their fore feet, their iron hoofs often taking great effect. But woe be to them, if the wolf, breaking through the shower of blows, spring at the throat, or, stealing behind his prey, fasten on the flank—once down, all is over, though there be but one wolf! Sometimes, in a sudden wheel round, the wolf will seize upon a cow's tail, on which he hangs with his jaws of ten-horse power, while the poor animal drags him round and round the field, and finally leaves the unfortunate member in his grasp—too happy to escape with a stump. At one time these animals increased so frightfully in number, that the *ritterschaft*, or assembly of knights, by which name the internal senate of this province is designated, appointed a reward of five roubles for every pair of ears brought to the magistrate of the district. This worked some change; and, in proportion as the wolves have fallen off, the *ritterschaft* has dropped its price, though an opposite policy would perhaps have been more politic; and now a pair of ears, generally secured from the destruction of a nest of young ones, does not fetch more than a silver rouble, or three roubles and a half. An old plan to attract them was to tie a pig in a sack, squeaking of course, upon a cart, and drive him rapidly through a wood or morass. Any cry of an animal is a gathering sound for the wolf; but the voice of man, made in his Creator's image, will hold him aloof. The blast of a horn greatly annoys them—a fiddle makes them fly—and the jingling of bells is also a means of scaring them, which, besides the expedience of proclaiming your approach in dark nights on these noiseless sledge-roads, is one reason why all winter-equipages are fitted up with bells."

Another picture of national manners:—

"The peasant occupies about twenty-five acres of land upon the estate where I am sojourning. Every estate is thus parcelled out, the proprietor having a considerable portion under his own management, the rest being divided among the peasants, who, from time immemorial, have belonged to the land, and till within the last few years in the condition of

serfs. The same fields, therefore, for which they formerly paid a rent, limited only by the will of the herr, or lord, they now hold upon a tenure fixed by law, which is as follows: each peasant-householder, or wirth, occupies so much land, for which he pays rent in the shape of so many days' labour, man and horse, per week, upon the lord's fields; by certain contributions of corn; and of a calf, a goose, so many fowls or eggs, and so many bundles of flax—all of which last small tithes generally come within the lady's department, who has thus the products of a most extensive farmyard to register and superintend. The smaller the occupation, the fewer the days of labour to perform, and the poorer the peasant. A so-called two days' wirth generally performs the requisite labour in his own person; but a six days' wirth, a rank which the peasant we had just quitted occupies, sends his labourers to supply his place; and, by sending two men three successive days, has the rest of his week undisturbed. Upon this estate no less than 360 days' work is contributed weekly, and yet the labour is not equal to the demand. This allotment per week is the only fair arrangement; for, though many a week in winter occurs when no man can work, yet were the proprietor to claim all his permitted days only in the summer, the peasant would not have a day left to reap or sow for himself. The act of enfranchisement in Estonia has not been accompanied by the advantages which those who abstractedly reckon the state of independence too high, and that of serfage too low, might expect. To this it may be urged, that the blessing of freedom was bestowed on the Estonian peasant before he was in a condition to understand its import, though truly such a privilege is better given to a people too early than wrested by them too late. It redounds to the credit of these provinces of Estonia, Livonia, and Courland, that they were the first in the empire to coalesce with the late Emperor Alexander by enfranchising their peasantry,—an act which took place in 1828; and it is quite a pity that our admiration for so noble a deed should be in any way interrupted by the troublesome collateral circumstance of their being pecuniarily the gainers thereby. When the peasants were serfs, their owners were interested in preserving them from absolute want; and in bad harvests the peasantry became what they are to this day in Russia Proper—a real burden to their lord. Also, whenever the serf was not able to pay his own poll-tax, the seigneur had to make up the deficiency; but now that the Estonian peasant is a free man, all these responsibilities, which he as little desired as understood to undertake, fall upon his own shoulders; for though many a humane seigneur still supplies the same help as formerly, yet these are but worthy exceptions. Consequently, a failure in crops, added to the national improvidence, exposes the peasant to hardship and starvation, which he never knew in his serf-condition. Among the regulations intended as a substitute to these habits of dependence, a law has been instituted, compelling each peasant, in good seasons, to contribute so much corn to the *bauer klete*, or peasant-granary—thus realising a fund of provision against the winters of famine. But as the Estonian has been placed in a state of freedom before he knew that forethought and prudence were its only safeguards, he seizes every occasion to evade this law, and if the herr be not vigilant in enforcing it, the storehouse is found empty when famine has finished every other resource. One characteristic consequence of this emancipation was the adoption

of family names by the peasants, who hitherto, like the Russian serf, had been designated only by his own and his father's baptismal appellatives. This accession of dignity was conferred only a few years back, when it cost the lord and lady no little trouble and invention to hunt up the requisite number and variety of names for the tenants of their estates. The gentleman took the dictionary, the lady Walter Scott, for reference—with us it would have been the Bible—and homely German words were given, or old Scottish names revived, which may one day perplex a genealogist. The worst of it was, these poor creatures were very difficult to please, and many a young man who went away happy with his new family distinction, returned the next day with a sheepish look, owning that his lady had put him out of conceit of it, and that he would trouble the erra (the Estonian corruption of herr) to provide him with another, not seldom ending by begging leave to adopt the aristocratic, unsullied, sixteen or thirty-two quartered name of the count or baron under whom he served. But, however liberal of his neighbours' names, the Estonian noble is in no hurry to bestow his own; far from running the risk of such vile identity, he does not even allow the peasant the same national appellation which countrymen of the same soil, whether high or low, generally wear alike. The aristocrat is an *Esthländer*, the peasant an *Esthe*. The noble's wife is a *Frau*, the peasant's a *Weib*; and any transposition of these terms would be deemed highly insulting.

In his very crimes the Estonian is a coward; he seldom gets beyond pilfering, and here makes a curious distinction—regarding it as no crime to steal that which cannot squeak or bleat in its own defence. Thus, a pig or a sheep would be the height of iniquity, while a kummet of corn, or an aimer of brandy, are very venial sins. Other crimes he has few; and murder is unknown. The penal list of this last year offers only eighty-seven misdemeanors in a population of above three hundred thousand peasants, and five of these consist merely in travelling without a passport. In this respect also the Estonian's conscience is so tender, that the legislature allows no punishment to be enforced till a voluntary confession has been made—well knowing that no Estonian can be long without making a clean breast. Not so his lofty and lively neighbour, the Russian; whose legislature might whistle for his voluntary confession. Serf though he be, he is a very Saracen in independence; and his list of crimes would make a wild Newgate calendar. The same conscientiousness, however, which opens the Estonian's heart under sense of delinquency, steals it in moments of danger. No soldier in the Russian army stands a charge better than the condemned *Tchuchonn*."

Some amusing traits in higher life, &c., are reserved for another *Gazette*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Ashburton, suggested by the Questions of International Law raised in the Message of the American President. By Robert Phillimore, Advocate in Doctors' Commons, &c. Pp. 83. Hatchard and Son.

SUCH is the copious title of a very able pamphlet, and one of the utmost interest at the present time, when the construction of the points of which it treats involves the welfare or sufferings of nations. The mass of international law which Mr. Phillimore has quoted shews

not only great reading, but solid consideration; and those parts of his letter, especially, which relate to border or continuous collisions, throw a very important light upon the subjects now at issue between Great Britain and the United States. That their calm discussion and pacific determination may rest on such authorities as the author produces, undisturbed by bad passions on either side, must be the earnest hope of every feeling and honest heart in either hemisphere; and to all such Mr. Phillimore has rendered an acceptable service, by establishing the just grounds and fair reasoning on which both countries may build a cordial alliance, and continue to cultivate in harmony the arts of peace and the noble relations of social and enlarged humanity.

The Chain-Rule: a Manual of Brief Commercial Arithmetic. By C. L. Schönberg. London, Effingham Wilson. 1842.

The chain-rule is a simple, easy, and clever system of arithmetical computation, only requiring to be known to be generally adopted, to the total exclusion of ready-reckoners and the rule of thumb. There is a fascination in the very arrangement of the figures, and the things they represent; in the links of relative rates; and then in the dividing and cancelling, and thereby reducing the terms to their lowest equivalents. In calculations of a complicated character the linking together and working out are exceedingly curious. As an amusing, as well as a most useful study, we strongly recommend the chain-rule as arranged and applied by Mr. Schönberg.

The Military Life of Wellington. By André Viesseux. C. Knight.

A NICE little volume added to Knight's "Store of Knowledge," now issuing in this cheaper and more convenient size,—too well done to need much praise, and with so few questionable points as not to require criticism.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

24 Charles St., Berners St., Feb. 2, 1842.

SIR,—There is a funny old waterman I sometimes employ at Tower Stairs, who is a constant reader of your *Gazette*; and he was much struck with a very interesting discovery you announced in your last publication of a tomb at Malta. He amused me so much with his notions on the subject, that I requested him to put them on paper, and send them to you: he has entrusted his MS. to me for delivery.—Your obedient servant, SAMUEL LOVER.

Fib you are I—fust—18—100—40—2.

SUR,—I seed last satyrday yure kureyis let-tur from yure frend in Malta about that ere kave, or grave, or a coffeyguss, I think he kalls it, with little lamps in it, and sum on era broke; but in coarse it warnt the man as wuz berried done it: for thof genlmen brakes lamps when theyz alive, the carnt arter there ded; but they are nether hear nor ther to the thing I wants to put you up to. You see I sarved in the Bellryuflin 1st on a time in them ere parts, and I heer'd a story as is believ'd by the fishermen ther, witch thinks theirselves the gratest fishermen in the varsal world, and thay kounts for it in this hear way—they sez as how the grate horidgnl fisherman as woz their aunts sister, thof I kant make out the relays-ship meeself; but so the ses—and he waz a jyhint, and so big all out as not all the little fishes in the see woud feed him, and he kotched big fish for his self, and one day he kotched the biggest fish as ever voz seed, and wile he rum-

pajesly divowrd him, a bone stickd in is throte, and settled is ash. and that he woz so big none cud berry him; and the woz afeerd ov his breedin ov what potikerrys kalls a pestle-inch, witch is a sort o kwarrantine-like thing, or wot we jack tars kalls yalla jak, thof he goes by as many hally-bees as a thif in varyous parts: sum kalls him 1 thing, and sum anuthur; but all agris he kuts lif short, and is obnoxyis. well—to kum to my story—this here chap wen the kudn't berry him, the kalld a kounsle o war; and wot is kkommen enuf in a kounsle o war, the dittarmint to burn all; and so the chap—the jyint, I meens—wuz made a bone fire of, and the digd a place for to berry his hashes. now, my blief is, that ere place yure frend has diskyverd is the dyentickle place, and that ere long fish bone is the bone as choked him: an blo me if I didnt think them ere furriners corset lyars, till now the storee kums troo. Yure frend ses also the peepel ther kalls it fetish, witch is owly a krupshin ov de fish; and, you nose, them ignorant furriners spiks broken inglish. Sum may think 8 bushls o hashes too much for the sum mum bone um ov 1 man; but rekkillec he woz a jyint, and a wopper two. My hold mothur, who is larnd in bible-riding, throse hout a conjexxshure it mite be Joe Na on a kount ov the wale; and sez, moreover, he told us not to put our lite under a bushl, and that may have summut to doo with the twelv lamps and ate bushls. but I stix to my hoppynyn hof the jyint.—if you thinx this here hydeor o a plane spokn man wurthee insershn in yure valee abep paper, which is much red by all naughty gull peepel, yure wellkm.—Your umbl sarvnt two kummand,

To the Head eater ov
they Litturary Guszet.

BIL BOUNCE.

knotty benny.—if you wishus to see mee inquir ov the barmade ov they 8 belles, Sly Court, Burrow.

ADEN.

(Capt. Mignan's Narrative continued.)

WITH respect to the supply of fresh water, the most important of all supplies, and that which forms the first object of inquiry in the East, Aden is perhaps better provided than any seaport along the whole line of the Arabian coast. There are so many neglected wells scattered about the recesses of the narrow and winding valleys, that at present it is difficult to calculate what number containing sweet water does actually exist; of such, I do not think that more than six are drawn upon at the present time. There are countless other wells, more or less brackish as they recede from the beach, used only for culinary and other domestic purposes, but for which those situated nearest to the beach are scarcely fit, being affected by the tides, and very saline. Lieut. Curtis, however, has been indefatigable in his search for fresh water, and is using all the *matériel* placed at his disposal for boring in those positions outside the main pass (Yemen's gate), which are considered of any importance to us, our outposts at the barrier, and in the vicinage of western hay. The first position is a ruined wall, and was originally a Turkish work: it is flanked by two field-works, 1393 yards apart, built from bay to bay across the isthmus, which is evidently increasing in extent, and now connects the cape with the main, though it appears to have been recently deserted by the sea, which has left a deep deposit of sand, shell, and coral detritus.

This line of defence is in every respect a despicable one; but as the Arabs have no serious

intention of disputing our possession of Aden, we need not incur much further expenditure upon its repair. The other position has been already noticed as the Indian naval station in the Arabian Gulf. It ought, perhaps, to have been chosen, if not as the site of the military cantonments, assuredly as a sanatory station for the troops. A little perseverance in the operation of digging at the extremity of, and higher up, the valley, in which a party of seamen from the cruisers, and soldiers of the First Bombay Regiment, originally commenced digging for water, would obtain us a good and plentiful supply.

All the fresh-water springs are more or less tepid, and of great depth. One occurs high up the western valley, near the entrance of a dark gorge in the hills beneath the rugged range of Shumshaun. The depth of this spring from the surface of the valley is at least fifteen fathoms; and it appears to be in a state of considerable agitation. Although drawn upon from morning till night for the supply of several thousand persons in the town and cantonments, no sensible diminution has as yet taken place in the depth of water, which does not exceed a fathom. The natives say the water never rises above a man's knee. The overhanging hills seem to have been torn asunder by some violent convulsion. Not a shrub or blade of grass grows on their naked sides—deformed with gapes and fissures, and ready to crumble into a thousand atoms by the slightest shock. They appear, however, to have been slightly wooded at some former period.

The valley itself is stony and broken, and opens out towards the east. On the left of the road, a line of square and circular-built pits, like the tanks of India, at various distances from one another, extend for some hundred yards. The walls composing these dry tanks are built up of unshapen masses of stone and mortar, according to their accidental forms, and in a most imperfect way. From the position of these excavations, it is clear that although there is not now one drop of water to be found in them, there were occasions when a sufficiency was procurable to cause the greatest value being placed upon its preservation, inasmuch as it afforded the inhabitants a luxurious enjoyment during the extreme heat of summer. A second tepid spring occurs at the southern extremity of the ravine in rear of the mosque of Hydroos, a patron saint of the Adenites. Its excavated depth, although considerable, does not equal the other; but the quantity and quality of its water is much the same. A number of small insects can be seen playing over its surface, which is also in a state of effervescence. In the first book of Kings (xviii. 5) we thus read: "Go into the land, unto all fountains of water, and unto all brooks; peradventure we may find grass to save the horses and mules alive, that we lose not all the beasts." This direction of Ahab to Obadiah to search for grass by the brooks and fountains of water perfectly accords with the accounts of all Oriental travellers in their descriptions of the barrenness of the desert during summer, when all verdure is entirely parched up, except in the vicinity of wells and pools of water. Aden, however, is one of the few exceptions to the accuracy of these accounts; for in the vicinity of the wells in both the valleys I have just noticed, there is scarcely the root of a thorn, and not a single blade of grass springing from their blighted and sterile soil.

Near this quarter of the valley there are numerous swellings and risings in the ground, indicating the graves of mosques, or other build-

ings, and a large circular well or cistern, with stone steps leading down to its dry bed. The remains of a conduit, similar to the aqueducts of Persia, though of much ruder material and workmanship, can also be traced winding along the precipitous sides of the shelving hills, evidently intended to lead water through the heights to the excavated cistern beneath. The ruins of some isolated turrets flanked with rock, and rent apparently to their base, are perched on the loftiest peaks of the overhanging hills, where the mountain-goat attempts in vain to scale, and only the wild birds of the desert find a secure and undisturbed retreat.

In this direction, and near the sacred precincts of the sepulchre of Sheik Hydros, there are a few dusky aromatic shrubs, and a very extensive Turkish cemetery. The headstones of some of the graves are of white marble, and the execution of their sculptured slabs exquisite to a degree. They represent the usual Mohammedan figures, with long inscriptions from the Koran, in an old form of the Arabic language, commencing with the everlasting "Bismillah—In the name of the all-merciful God: there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

The whole of this valley appears to have been one continued cemetery, crowded with tombstones, and festering beneath the gloom of the rocky rampart that encircles them. Even from the centre of the parade-ground of the First Bombay European Regiment, where no traces at present exist of a burying-ground, several engraved tombstones, also of white marble, have been dug up.

If it were possible to obtain an accurate census of the Turkish population of Aden during the time they were established here, it would most probably be found that it did not amount to a tenth part of the tenants of the cemeteries.

In fact, it is impossible to suppose that this town in its most flourishing period could have contained so vast a concourse of inhabitants as were buried in these graves, where the voracious jackal and rabid pariah dog now make their nightly visitation, tearing up human ashes, which are swept away to afford room for the matted hut of the Arab fisherman, and the goat-hair covering of the barefooted pilgrims

"from all foreign lands,

Unclaim'd by town or tribes, to whom belongs
Nothing, except universal sun."

A third deep valley, or ravine (the last in this peninsula deserving of any particular notice), occurs near the main pass, the gate of Yemen, running deeper than the others, towards Shumshaun's lofty chain. Here are also several circular wells: one called, *par excellence*, the "Banians' Well," so much resorted to by the sepoys, that a door has been fixed on its top. The water of this, and the other wells already noticed, is offered for sale in skins, as lemonade and sherbet are hawked about the bazars of most large Oriental towns. I carried some bottled water from these wells to Bombay, where the Messrs. Treacher gave the following account of it:—"The result of our experiments on the Aden water prove it to be the purest we have ever met with, containing less than a four-thousandth part of impurity, which is an earthy carbonate, but the portion so small as to prevent our finding out what it is; besides which it also contains some small portion of gas, which, from tests in the solution, we have every reason to believe sulphuretted hydrogen; but not having the proper apparatus at hand to separate and examine it, we are unable to carry our experiments further." This valley is closely bounded by arid rocky hills, not high, but bare, riven, and mouldering into fragments. Their

summits have been loftier; but time and "decay's effacing fingers" have changed their appearance. They are without the shade or adornment of a single tree, with scarcely a shrub or bush to arrest the rustling wind. The heat occasionally radiates so much as to warm the morning breeze as it passes through this valley.

In April last, at sunrise in the morning (daylight), the air at the mouth of this valley was hot to suffocation, although a cold wind swept over the cantonments outside. A silence, like that of the ocean when in repose, pervades this solitary wilderness of rock. Here the Hindoo inhabitants of Aden have consecrated a small temple, hollowed out of the rocky recesses of the overhanging ridge in a semicircular form, above which the eagles roost at night, and hover around their cryes throughout the day.

From hence a winding path leads up to an inferior range, which, for some distance towards the ultimate chain, presents an undulating sterile surface. A wide path, imperfectly paved with stone, conducts the traveller to the dark furrowed face of Shumshaun's loftiest peaks, capped by the remains of towers and turrets, which look down upon the entrance to the Red Sea on the one side, and the hell of rock, ruin, and aridity on the other. From the summits of this mountain, the entire circuit of the peninsula of Aden appears about eighteen miles; and its splintered pinnacles and riven chasms form the apex and side of what now presents all the appearance of a volcano flung up from the bed of the ocean. The outline of its insulated peaks, the impracticable character of its rocky shore, indented with innumerable inlets, differs entirely from the general features of the adjacent shore.* The singularly wild and overhanging summits which encircle the central hollow or crater of this exhausted volcano, and attain various elevations, the highest reaching to sixteen hundred feet, are a refuge for the laughing hyæna; the disjointed sides are tenanted by the chattering monkey; the furrowed ravines by the ravenous jackall; the desolate valleys by the wily fox, which animal exists on innumerable land-crabs, those indefatigable purveyors to the heights of all the empty sea-shells, which are found strewn over the hills to an elevation of at least one hundred feet above the level of the beach. In each of the bays, which bear a distinct Arabic name, many interesting shells are strewn, together with cuttle-fish, star-fish, sea-snails, sea-nettles, sponges, and medusæ; and the beach is literally perforated by the numerous crab-tribes, which are surprisingly rapid in their movements, and take fright upon the slightest alarm.

The echinus, or sea-urchin, with innumerable black spines, is also found in the hollows of the rocky bays; and the *bêche-de-mer*, or sea-slugs, of which there are two kinds, are sufficiently abundant to supply the table of all the Hong merchants in Canton. On the western extremity of this cape the ocean appears to have encroached; and the action of the tides (here very irregular) has worn and shattered many of the cliffs that overhang the water. On the eastern side the sea has partially receded, and the depressed hollow or crater forms a semicircle, open to the eastern roadstead. The island of Seerah, which to seaward is so abrupt and rugged as to render any attempt either to scale or descend its naked ridges equally fruitless, appears at one time to have joined the opposite or northern chain of serrated hills, which now slopes suddenly down the water's

* The opposite coast is volcanic, especially from Tejouran to Lake Assal, in which neighbourhood a smoking volcano has been recently seen.

edge. This junction, however, has been dissolved; and the uplifted rocks, torn and riven asunder, have been hurled into the sea, which now flows between these jutting headlands. Seerah itself has also been detached and thrown into the bay by a convulsive shock, so that the sea has forced a considerable, though shallow, passage between this island and the main chain, through which the tides now impetuously rush. Vast undulating waves of cavernous lava, intermixed with masses of black porous rock, bearing marks of fusion, and yielding to the touch a metallic sound, and fragments of pumice, and currents of obsidian, evidently the products of a volcanic emission, have been discharged around and within the central hollow, which, considering the facility with which craters may be obliterated, still bears a strong resemblance, not only to those met with in extinct volcanic regions, but also to others in occasional activity at the present time.

In several Arabic works the volcanoes of Africa and Arabia have been noticed. Allusion is particularly made to one, as having existed in activity about eight hundred years ago, near the rich and fertile province of Hydrumaut. Masidi, in especial, speaks of a volcano on the southern shores of Arabia, about the position of Cape Aden, from whose entrails issued showers of flaming stones, accompanied by a rumbling noise equal to the loudest thunder, and down whose sides streamed a flood of fire, which in its course converted the "form and substance" of every living object into a confused and shapeless mass of black burnt rock and crumbling cinder.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 1.—At a special meeting of the Royal Society, held at 9 o'clock, A.M.; Sir J. W. Lubbock, vice-president, in the chair; his Majesty the King of Prussia came to the society, accompanied by Baron Alexander von Humboldt: whereupon the vice-president in the chair addressed him in the following words:

"May it please your Majesty,—It is my duty to express to your Majesty the great regret which we feel, and which we are confident that the Marquess of Northampton, the president of this society, will participate in, that, being in a distant country, he is unable to be present upon this auspicious occasion, so interesting to the members, and which will long be gratefully remembered in the history of the society. In his absence, therefore, I must endeavour, however imperfectly, to express to your Majesty the great gratification with which the society will see the august name of your Majesty, who is venerated as the encourager of art, of literature, and of science, enrolled in our charter-book in the same page with those of our most gracious Sovereign and her illustrious consort; and we beg leave accordingly to present the charter-book to your Majesty for that purpose."

His Majesty, having signed his name in the charter-book, was duly admitted a fellow of the society; and expressed his gratification at having his name enrolled among the fellows of the Royal Society.

Baron Alex. von Humboldt, formerly elected a foreign member, also signed his name in the charter-book, and was duly admitted a fellow.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 28.—Mr. Solly "On some functions of the organs of circulation independent of nutrition." The views brought forward by Mr.

Solly were intended, had leisure offered fully to work them out, for a communication to the Royal Society: he believed them novel; and he trusted, time failing him, that others would take them up, and either refute or confirm them. The office of the organs of circulation—the heart, arteries, veins, and capillaries—was first explained; and then the constitution of the blood, the globules and the fluid in which they float, and the important part the blood plays in the animal economy. Its offices are, 1st, nutrition; 2d, secretion; 3d, production of warmth; and 4th, physical agency. Nutrition was exemplified by the fact, that if any part of the body be deprived of its nourishing qualities, if the flow of blood be cut off, the part dies. Secretion was discussed in relation to the glands, the nervous power, and the brain—the latter is supplied with one-fifth of the whole of the blood. Production of warmth was attributed to the supply of oxygen to the arterial blood by the lungs, and to its union in the capillary tubes with carbon from the tissues; indeed, to the development of carbonic acid was attributed the whole source of animal heat. Physical agency was instanced by the erectile tissue, familiar illustrations of which we have in the cock's comb and in the turkey's wattle. And to this latter, which involved Mr. Solly's new views, the remainder of his remarks were chiefly confined. He considers that this tissue, this physical agent, is more extensively employed in the animal economy than has generally been supposed; and the first instances adduced where this tissue has been, erroneously he believes, classed among the secretory tissues, were derived from the fish. Man and warm-blooded animals have no power to float other than muscular, nor have the higher class of fish; but most of the other classes of the latter are provided with a curious and beautiful contrivance for this purpose—the air-bladder. It is known familiarly as the sound in the cod-fish, and is the source of isinglass from the sturgeon. The air-bladder, in a physiological point of view, consists of two principal forms—a shut sac with a blood-gland, or a sac communicating with the oesophagus or gullet. There is a third form, combining the two, as in the eel. Fish with an air-bladder of the second form can, by means of valves in the communication with the gullet, compress and alter its specific gravity, and thus sink or float at will; those, however, with the shut sac appeared to have no power of altering its specific gravity. This power Mr. Solly believes is derived from the blood-gland, which he conceives to be an erectile tissue, and for that very office. Injection of the gland with coloured sise, shewing that the arrangement of the vessels is different to those on a secretory surface, first led him to the idea. The blood-gland consists of a congeries of blood-vessels, recurring and contorted on themselves, in the interior of the air-sac, forming a reservoir of arterial blood, to be employed at will, and, in the case of the air-bladder, to compress and to alter its specific gravity; in addition to which there is another opening internal to the sac, which acts as a diverticulum to the blood when not employed in compressing the air within the sac. In relation to the function of the blood-gland of the shut sac, Mr. Solly quoted and commented on the opinions of Rutka "On the economy of fish," of Müller (*Archives* for 1838), and of De la Roche. Secretion was the principal office attributed to it by them. Mr. Solly considered it, as before observed, an erectile tissue, a physical and independent agent; and named the

pearly nautilus as a beautiful instance of its operation, according to the theory of Professor Buckland.

The ciliary process of the eye, also, Mr. Solly conceives to be erectile tissue, to adapt the eye to distant or near objects. He traced it in the mollusca, and up to man. The higher class only of the former have perfect vision. In the cuttle-fish the crystalline lens consists curiously of two portions like to a cup and ball, with a fringe intervening—an analogue of the ciliary process in man—to alter the focal distance of vision. Mr. Solly does not say that this is proved; but it bears strikingly on the question. In osseous fishes—the cod has no ciliary process, but a choroid gland, a structure of blood-vessels, erectile tissue, so placed behind the vitreous humour and crystalline lens as to enable its action to alter the focal distance. In cartilaginous fishes—a higher class still, having a more perfect nervous system—this blood-gland is lost, and there is an approach to the ciliary process. In reptiles—creatures sluggish, gaining prey by stratagem—the eye affords proof of a rudimentary ciliary process. Do birds present a confirmation of Mr. Solly's view? Yes; and a strong one. The pecten—what is it? A congeries of blood-vessels, truly erectile tissue—in the ostrich small; in the wild swan close up to the crystalline lens. But in the falcon—soaring high, and thence detecting its prey, pouncing down, and never losing the power of distinguishing the object of its attack—a great power of altering the focal distance is required. And in the falcon the ciliary processes are largely developed. Other examples were brought forward to shew the physical agency of the blood: the congeries of blood-vessels, beautifully coiled, contorted, and united with each other, processes not secretory, blood-vessels not passing through to nourish, but diverticula, receptacles, repositories of blood for local functions. We regret that we have not been able to clothe the subject—from the want of space and of diagrams—with all the interest with which the skill and masterly treatment of Mr. Solly invested it. But we trust we have said enough to awaken attention to the new views, which offer a wide field for investigation; for we agree with their originator and promulgator, that the erectile tissues are more developed and employed in important offices than has hitherto been conceived.

On the library-table were fine specimens of fossil-skulls of the *uran-ontan*; an enormous *Ammonites obtusus*, presented to the institution; a large, weighty, and valuable ingot of platinum; and other interesting objects.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

January 26. — Prof. Owen, president, in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. J. Quekett, "On the presence in the Northern Seas of infusorial animals analogous to those occurring in a fossil state at Richmond in America." After alluding to the discoveries of Professor Ehrenberg in this department of science, the author proceeded to mention a stratum of fossil animalcules, twenty feet thick, recently detected by Prof. Rogers, underlying the city of Richmond in America. It contains beautiful specimens of *Navicula*, *Actinocyclus*, *Gallionella*, &c.; but the most remarkable form is a circular disc, with markings very similar to those on the back of an engine-turned watch. On examining the sandy matter which had been washed from some zoophytes brought home in spirit by the Northern Expedition under Captain Parry in 1822, the author de-

tected more than six animalcules in it precisely analogous to those occurring as fossils in the Richmond sand, and amongst them the engine-turned discs: these last occur in the fossil state singly, very rarely in pairs; and some doubts have arisen as to their correct nature; but the investigations of the author have led him to consider them as a species of bivalve; and many, both with and without markings, are to be found in the recent state, enclosing granular matter between their valves; the smallest specimens were often seen to be adherent to fragments of sea-weed by a small stem or pedicel. The paper was accompanied with specimens of the animalcules and illustrative diagrams.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 25. — Mr. Walker, president, in the chair. After a numerous, and therefore protracted, ballot, the secretary read "a memoir of the late Captain Huddart," by Mr. W. Cotton, deputy-governor of the Bank of England. The memoir described the early years of Huddart's life, during which, whether working as a shoemaker, tending cattle, or, as subsequently, serving on board a herring fishing-boat, his mind was ever bent on scientific research and mechanical pursuits. It thence traced his career onward, through many difficulties, to the command of a trading-vessel (constructed chiefly by his own hands) for several voyages to America; his transfer to the East India Company's service, wherein he amassed an adequate fortune; and his connexion with the Trinity House, and the London and East India Docks: in all which situations his knowledge and perseverance rendered him eminently useful. An account was then given of his invention in the manufacture of cordage, by which cables of the largest dimensions for men-of-war, and ropes such as that for the London and Birmingham Railway, of 2500 fathoms, have been laid up with the utmost uniformity, and upon a principle by which the strength of the cable was nearly doubled. The machinery (which was illustrated by a series of drawings by Mr. E. Birch, graduate) was fully described. In the conversation that ensued, Sir James South eulogised the attainments of Huddart as an astronomer and mathematician. Among a number of interesting anecdotes, several of which were alluded to in the memoir, he gave the history of the construction of the celebrated equatorial instrument, which was made by Luke Howard and Co. from the design and under the daily superintendence of Huddart, who even carried his devotion to the cause so far as to put the principal parts together with his own hands. This instrument Sir James declared to be the best ever executed, and that no material improvement had been suggested since in the system of construction or of execution. The president, and several members of the institution, Mr. Thornthwaite and others, friends of Capt. Huddart, addressed the meeting; and all united in awarding to him not only the highest degree of merit for perseverance, skill, and scientific attainments, but also as being a thoroughly conscientious, liberal, and truly honest man.

In consequence of the extensive ballot before mentioned, and because of the time occupied in the reading of, and in the remarks elicited by, this interesting memoir, the two other papers (see last week's *Lit. Gaz.*) were postponed, and to them were added, by announcement, the following, to be read at the next meeting:—"A description of a Welsh iron-work," by Mr. Hardie; "On the mode of obtaining solid foundations for bridges, &c. in

sandy soil in India," by Capt. Goodwyn; and "Description of Chelson meadow-sluice," by Mr. Budd.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Feb. 1, 1842.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of January 24.—M. Pelouze read to the Academy a report on a memoir, which was communicated some weeks since to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin by M. Magnus, on the experiments by M. Gay-Lussac and M. Rudberg to ascertain the dilatation of gas. M. Gay-Lussac had arrived at the conclusion, that what is called "the arithmetical coefficient" of the number expressing the rate of dilatation, should be expressed by the decimal number .00375. This was on the supposition that the volume of gas was measured under a constant pressure; but M. Rudberg had fixed the same coefficient at .003646, by measuring the gas under a variable pressure. M. Magnus had taken the trouble to repeat these experiments, and had arrived at results much nearer those of M. Rudberg than those of M. Gay-Lussac. This he attributed to a defect in mercury, as not being fitted for exactly closing the apertures and joints of the vessels receiving the gas, notwithstanding that the use of mercury for these experiments was recommended by M. Biot in his *Traité de Physique*. M. Magnus had experimented on different gases and gaseous fluids, and had found the following coefficients of dilatability: viz., air .003665, hydrogen .003665, carbonic acid .00369, and sulphuric acid .003856. It would appear doubtful whether the dilatability of gas remains always constant, and whether it may not vary under various pressures.—A further communication on the management of silkworms' eggs in the West Indies was read by the reporter of the commission on that subject. It was recommended that a fresh importation of these eggs should be made from Europe every year into the French West India colonies, in order that the facts concerning the growth and development of the insect in those hot climates might be observed upon a larger scale than hitherto. It was also recommended that the ventilation of the worms should be carefully attended to; that they should be kept more than usually clean; and that they should be frequently powdered with slaked lime.—M. Cornay of Rochefort addressed a memoir to the Academy on a new method of classifying birds according to the form of the palatal bone in the mouth. The basis of the classification depended on the coincidence of the form of the anterior palatal bone with that of the skull in birds of the same order; and on the resemblance of these bones one with another in birds of the same or of different orders.

The Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Justice have decided that a new palace for the Archbishop of Paris shall be erected at the north-eastern end of the Ile de la Cité, behind Notre Dame, and have entrusted the project to Messrs. Lassus and Violet le Duc, the two ablest mediæval architects of France, who are already charged with the restoration of the Palais de Justice and the Sainte Chapelle. The architects—with a spirit of modesty and abnegation which, while it is a proof of sound good taste and deep archaeological knowledge, is too rarely witnessed in any country, especially in England—have decided, not on making an original building of their own design, but on rebuilding the Hôtel de la Tremouille, all the ornamental parts of which are in possession of government. This plan has been highly approved of, as it merited, in all circles of society, and is now

only waiting for the approbation of the Municipal Council of Paris—a very Vandalic tribunal, *par parenthèse*. This resurrection of so precious a relic of the 15th century is one of the most gratifying circumstances that has occurred for many long years. It proves the existence of a good feeling, which almost removes one's regret at the demolition of the original edifice.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 27.—The following gentlemen were admitted *ad eundem*:—

Rev. F. D. Gilby, M.A., Clare Hall, Cambridge; J. Fleming, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Evans, Oriel College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. F. Witts, Magd. Hall; C. E. Thornhill, Ch. Ch.; Rev. E. W. Garrow, Rev. E. Rawnsley, Rev. G. Sandbach, Brasenose Coll.; Rev. H. W. Steel, Jesus College; Rev. F. A. Iremonger, scholar of Pemb. Coll.; Rev. H. Combs, fell. of St. John's Coll.; Rev. G. A. Blakely, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—P. Butler, G. Phillimore, J. F. B. Blackett, W. E. Rawstorne, students, C. Simeon, M. Portal, Ch. Ch.; N. Midwinter, T. Jones, Magd. Hall; T. P. Wilson, scholar of Brasenose College; C. H. Langhorne, Exeter College.

The Rev. J. Garbett, M.A., late fellow of Brasenose College, was unanimously elected professor of poetry in the room of the Rev. John Keble, M.A.

The Rev. T. Evans, of Oriel College, and head-master of the College school at Gloucester, was admitted doctor in divinity.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 3d.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. A communication was read from Lord Albert Conyngham, "On discoveries made in excavating a number of the tumuli on the Breach Downs in Kent." The articles found in these tumuli were glass vessels, fibula in bronze set with coloured glass or stones, buckles in bronze, a gold bulla set with a garnet and ornamented with filigree work, spear-heads, the umbos of shields, knives, and urns, together with a small brass coin (the only one found) of Victorinus. Under most of the tumuli were skeletons, among the remains of which the above objects were found. Notwithstanding the apparently Roman character of some of these articles and of the coin, these interments were evidently (from the peculiar character of the remains) of an era posterior to the Romans. A cast of a fine bronze torques, found near Tenby, was presented by Mr. Ella-combe. It is very massive, and ornamented with a leaf pattern, in which precious stones appear to have been set.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.

Wednesday.—Medico-Botan., 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical (anniversary meeting), 3 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Ainsworth's Magazine; a Monthly Miscellany of Romance, General Literature, and Art. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London, H. Cunningham.

The first No. of a new magazine calls for our recognition; and we award it cheerfully to the combined efforts of Messrs. Ainsworth and Cruikshank, aided by the contributions of several popular writers. It opens with some chapters of a tale of the year 1774, by Mr. Ainsworth, called the *Miser's Daughter*; and bidding fair, as far as we can judge from the sample, to present a good picture of the man-

ners and characters of the day. At all events, should the writer come up to the illustrator, it will do so; for Cruikshank has almost excelled himself in the two plates with which he has embellished the subject. Except the *Miser's Daughter* in the first (who is far from beautiful, and rather a repetition of a female in *Guy Raux*), these engravings are charming. The last not unworthy of Hogarth!!

Among the literary matter there is nothing very striking; and a not uncommon vice of a certain school of writers is rather too prominent in one or two of the articles, particularly in that which closes the No. We allude to the display of individual and personal persiflage; as if all the world were deeply interested in the whereabouts and doings of X. Y. Z.; whereas the public care very little about them; and it would shew more discretion, if they allowed themselves to remain unknown quantities, and qualities too, except through their productions. One short paper, however, is so essentially different from the generality of magazine articles, and so valuable from its information, that we are induced to select it for the gratification of our readers.

"*Personal Recollections of Izzet Mehemet Pasha, now Grand Vizier of the Turkish Empire.*" The fate of the Turkish empire, so long hurrying to its goal, appears, from a variety of circumstances, to be about to be sealed by the approaching war with Greece. In this empire, more than in any other, public measures can be judged of by the public men placed at the helm of affairs. In a despotism so constituted, measures create the men, and not, as with us, the men sway the measures. Thus, if the Ule-mas are in the ascendancy, Rauf Pasha rules the roast. If liberality is the order of the day, Reshid Pasha is wanted at the Porte. If the old Mohammedan school is triumphant, Khosrew Pasha is at the head. If blood is about to be shed, an Izzet Mehemet Pasha and a Tahir Pasha are sure to be found. The author of the present personal recollections of Izzet Mehemet Pasha first became acquainted with him as pasha of Angora, in 1837. His notes do not, therefore, comprise the early career of the man, but it is hoped they may contain enough to illustrate his character tolerably fairly. It is certain, however, that, previous to his appointment to this pashalik, he had distinguished himself in the wars in Greece; and many dark deeds are also laid to his account, which, in the East, only serve to enhance the reputation of an official, as shewing that he has ferocity to revenge himself, and skill to prosper, even when charged with evil. The first interview was characteristic. The pasha was alone, kneeling on the corner of a divan with five or six showy Geneva watches before him, which he was winding up. For a few seconds he appeared not to notice our entrance; and when he did so, it was by looking sideways over a watch, with a smile and a peculiar look, intended to convey an idea of extreme shrewdness and cleverness. Among other subjects of conversation, were some strong representations, made through the interpreter, against a Frenchman in his service, who had cut with a two-edged sword, in proclaiming us as spies to the pasha, while to us he had asserted that it was his excellency's intention to detain us in Angora, or to have us waylaid and murdered if we left the city. 'He has eat his words,' said the pasha, after reflecting a moment angrily; and a short time afterwards the Frenchman was *condemned*, and left for Constantinople. Izzet Pasha's characteristics are, considerable powers of observation, moderate intellect, great firmness, pride, energy,

and resolution, some superstition, but without morality—and hence ambition and want of scruple how he obtains his ends—activity in his enterprises, jealousy of success, avarice, but not (for an Eastern) sensuality. As a Mohammedan, he belongs to the old school; that is to say, he not only tolerates dervishes and mad holy men, from policy, but loves them and courts their society, and on especial divan-days allows them an upper seat. The mullahs, or priests, are the only persons who ever experience their master's bounty. To them he is said to give large sums of money. He has his astronomers, and always puts the most perfect reliance on their predictions of prosperous or unlucky days. And, lastly, he eminently hates all Franks, and never could nor will tolerate Europeans, except when he hopes to gain something by them, or to make them his tools. I was intimate with his chief astronomer. He had two or three astrolabes, with which he could measure, to a rough approximation, the altitude of the stars and celestial bodies. He had also an almanac, in which the results of the conjunctions were regularly unfolded. Thus his belief in astrology was not an imposition, but an actual faith in an imaginary science, traditional among the Mohammedans. He often, on the contrary, expressed his wonder that Europeans, who are so accurate in astronomical observations, had not enlarged the field of astrology. The pasha's habits were regular. He rose early in the morning, and went out to ride or shoot before breakfast. He sometimes drove a low barouche. Fond of ostentation, he would occasionally contrive so that we should meet him on parade, and swell his retinue as he marched between two lines of troops. On these occasions he favoured almost every soldier with one of his peculiar cat-like looks. He would then walk across the parade in conversation. If any poor person prostrated himself with a petition, he received it; but if any one spoke in his presence, he would stop short, and turning round, fix him with a glance for several seconds before he went on. He never gave pipes to Franks; but often invited us to dinner, on which occasions he had music afterwards, and was delighted if we were pleased with the old Turkish refrain of 'Welcome, Frank, welcome.' On one occasion when bailing out our soup from a general basin, a severe and loud shock of an earthquake shook the old wooden and mud palace to its foundations. The attendants were astounded, and looked aghast; but the pasha only leered up in his usual manner to see the effect it produced upon us. We said nothing, but continued the immersion of spoons. At these dinners the only beverage was sherbet or cherry-water. Once, after paying him a visit, we went into the apartment of his kaja, or deputy governor. Following us, he threw aside the curtains constituting an oriental doorway, and, after holding them at arm's length, staring from before a row of guards and attendants, and making a tableau of himself for a minute or more, he retired. Baron W—, an able officer of the Prussian staff, was sent down, when war was about to break out, to organise and remodel the troops of the pashalik. This not being at all gratifying to his pride, he refused to acknowledge him; but the baron writing to Stambul, renewed his credentials, and obliged him to effect a compromise in his usual way. He first of all objected to any alteration in the system of manual drill and platoon exercise, as the troops had already learnt them from several French talimchis, or instructors, at-

tached to the *corps d'armée*, and he said it would throw them back, to have now to learn the Prussian exercise. A new and more efficient system of military evolutions was then proposed, which he promised to think about. He did so next day, when out shooting; and, coming home in good spirits, sent immediately for the baron. 'I have thought,' he said, 'of a good plan,' rubbing his hands, and looking more than usually knowing. And he proceeded to expound a system of tactics, by which he could dovetail something of his own into what had been proposed by the Prussian officer, that he might thus be able to say that the Frank was not teaching him, but he the Frank. He hated Hafiz Pasha as one Turkish pasha can hate another. This was first exhibited on the occasion of one of our party, in a very impolitic manner, shewing him a portrait of the Queen of England, which was intended for Hafiz. He could scarcely conceal his anger and spite. 'He is a young pasha,' he said, curling his lip in contempt, 'young and inexperienced.' But Hafiz Pasha was the favourite of the then Sultan Mahmud, and marched over Izzet's head, becoming seraskier of the army, as Izzet has since over-topped him, by becoming grand vizier. The jealousy and hatred of Izzet led in this matter, as will be subsequently seen, to the most disastrous results. At Angora, Izzet ruled with the arbitrary sway of a petty tyrant. A beautiful summer-house, erected on the banks of a river sweeping through a ravine almost in the heart of the city, attracted his desires. It belonged to a merchant, who was unscrupulously got rid of; and the pasha entered immediately upon the enjoyment of his new possession. In effecting his objects, Izzet often exhibited no small degree of cunning. It was his custom to visit his different governments, and to personally examine the accounts, and question the peasants, if the exactions were severe. This would have been well, if his objects had been to remedy the evil. But it was not so, and was merely a pretext to know what to demand of the muterehim and sheik, or governor and sub-governors. A muterehim, who had avoided his demands, by pleading his own poverty and that of the treasury, and whom he suspected of secreting money, was invited to the bath with him. Setting the example by beginning to undress, he deceived the governor into preparing himself for the bath, from which, however, he retired precipitately, and, throwing himself upon the governor's clothes, obtained the girdle which Easterns generally wear round the waist, and with it the money he sought. On issuing from the bath, the muterehim found himself a beggar. Izzet introduced at Angora the almost obsolete practice of spiking, and was particularly severe in inflicting this punishment upon the robber Kurds, three of whom were once spiked, at the same time, in the Angora market-place. The bodies of several others might be seen occasionally on the way-side, sustained on a scaffolding by three iron spikes, one passing through the head, another through the body, and a third through the legs, leaving the arms dangling downwards. When the military preparations in the five great pashaliks of Dyarbekir, Sivas, Angora, Koniye, and Erzurum, enabled the Osmanli army, under Hafiz Pasha, to enter the field against the Syro-Egyptians, under Ibrahim Pasha, Izzet Pasha was to effect a junction with the seraskier, and lend his force to assist in ensuring victory to the sultan. But his hatred of his rival was greater than his patriotism; and by various subterfuges and delays he contrived to be no

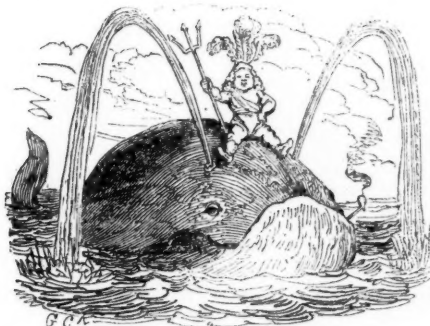
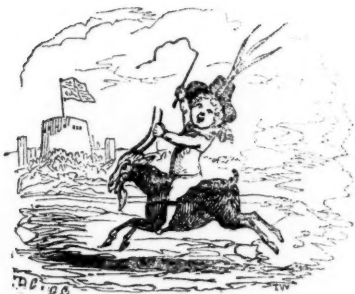
further than Derindeh, on the north side of Taurus, when the engagement so fatal to the Osmanli power took place at Nizib. Being at that time accompanied by an army of upwards of twenty thousand men, his troops would have enabled Hafiz to check the successes of his rival. But, in his usual cautious manner, Izzet defeated this object by letting it be privately known that there were no more rations, and that the army might break up. The army did so accordingly, but not without plundering the treasury; while Izzet, repairing to Constantinople, reported the affair as an accidental disaster, and a revolt on the part of his forces. Shortly after this period, Izzet was appointed, on the occasion of the intended attack of the allies on the Syro-Egyptian power, to the post of military chieftain of the Osmanlis in that country. The writer's personal recollections do not accompany him in this campaign. But an anecdote is related of Izzet while there, which bears all the characteristics of truth. At the siege of Acre, a gallant German colonel was severely struck by a stone splintered by a shot, and, almost immediately afterwards, his arm was broken by another. On the first impulse, he retreated from the town with the other fugitives; but was so maltreated by his companions, that he returned, to give himself up as a prisoner, in which design he happily succeeded. It was almost entirely owing to this officer's presence that Acre made any defence. Every care was taken of him, and he was put on board a Turkish steamer, to be conveyed to Constantinople. This vessel, although belonging to the Porte, was commanded by an Englishman, well known and much respected throughout the Levant. The German officer was so seriously injured that he felt he could not survive the transport. The English captain having to touch at Beirut, reported him, when there, to Izzet Pasha, as unfit for the journey, and begged to be allowed to put him ashore. The pasha at once refused. 'Is he not our prisoner?' he said. 'He is,' was the reply; 'but it is not customary to treat prisoners with unnecessary cruelty.' 'Is he not our enemy?' sternly rejoined the pasha; 'let him die.' The good captain, however, persevered, and the German was put ashore, and recovered. The same captain brought Izzet to the Dardanelles; and on the passage the conversation happening to turn upon the anarchy that would exist among the Syrian tribes when the allies should have withdrawn, 'Ah!' he said, his grey eye twinkling with the thought, and his arm waving to and fro, in imitation of a right and left sabre-cut, 'they will want me there yet. Cut a few hundred throats, and they will soon be quiet.' Such is the man, once more called from obscurity to rule the destinies of the Ottoman empire; such the character that philanthropic nations, who, for their own imaginary interests, support the falling power of Mohammedanism, will have to look to for carrying into effect their well-intentioned but mistaken policy. If the Turks are left to fight their own battles, the result will soon be manifest, in the general rise of the poor and unsympathised-for Christian races of the European peninsula. Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Montenigris, have but one feeling in common—a detestation of four centuries of Mohammedan misrule and despotic thralldom. But other nations will mingle in the conflict. As in the Syrian war, a power able to govern a country may be driven out to make way for one incapable of ruling it. Such an assistance, once more tendered, may retard for a time, or another affair of Navarino may acce-

lerate—but neither can prevent, the *dénouement* awaiting the grand Oriental tragedy—a *dénouement* which, in the existing relations of the Christian and Mohammedan world, has been probably long marked out by Providence.”

But where the name of Cruikshank appears,

it may readily be supposed that not the least attractive features of a publication will be found to have emanated from him; and we have much pleasure in exhibiting a few slight specimens of his Omnibus-like fancies, viz. the initial letter of the “Miser’s Daughter,” a laughable illus-

tration of a pretty humorous Eastern tale, entitled “King Stork,” and shewing a dancer of that genus almost as excellent as Fanny Essler; and two imaginings of the Prince of Wales and W(h)ales, indicating that he is destined to triumph by land and water. Here they are—



Handy Andy, Part II. Lover.—It is seldom we depart from our custom of only speaking of our contemporaries sufficiently to make our literary record complete as regards their productions, and not to fall into the error of continually criticising those who have voices throughout the world like ourselves. But the second part of *Handy Andy* pleads for an exception in consequence of its being in fact the novelty of the tale. Nearly all Part I. had appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*; but Part II. is full of fresh matter, and introduces us to new characters of no small variety and interest. Ned of the Hill, a gallant young Irish gentleman, is one of these; and Dr. Growling, a very original cast, another. The principal matter which occupies the thirty-two pages is an Irish jollification, which reminds us of the best of Sir Jonah Barrington's stories, and ends in practical jokes of the most laughable kind—such as the disfigurement and mock galvanism of a pompous apothecary, and the discomfort of being obliged to sleep two in a bed. But it is impossible to lift the former from the table, or withdraw the curtains from the latter; and we must therefore try to extract a little bit of humour, where Doyle, one of the drunken con-

vives, is left under the table in that beautiful state of adumbration which Sheridan illustrated when he called himself Mr. Wilberforce.

“All the men staggered off, or were supported to their various beds, but one,—and he could not stir from the floor, where he lay hugging the leg of the table. To every effort to disturb him, he replied, with an imploring grunt, to ‘let him alone;’ and he hugged the leg of the table closer, exclaiming, ‘I won’t leave you, Mrs. Fay, my darling Mrs. Fay; rowl your arms round me, Mrs. Fay.’ ‘Ah, get up and go to bed, Mistor Doyle,’ said Tim: ‘sure the misthress is not here at all.’ ‘I know she’s not,’ said Doyle: ‘who says a word against her?’ ‘Sure you’re talkin’ to her yourself, sir.’ ‘Pooh, pooh, man!—you’re dhruunk.’ ‘Ah, come to bed, Mistor Doyle!’ said Tim, in an imploring tone; ‘och sure, my heart’s broke with you!’ ‘Don’t say your heart’s broke, my sweet landlady—my darling Mrs. Fay; the apple of my eye you are!’ ‘Nonsense, Mistor Doyle!’ ‘True as the sun, moon, and stars. Apple of my eye, did I say? I’d give you the apples of my eye to make sauce for the cockles of your heart!’ Mrs. Fay, darling, don’t be coy: ha! I have you fast!’ and he gripped the

table closer. ‘Well, you are dhruunk, Mistor Doyle!’ said Tim. ‘I hope my breath is not offensive from drink, Mrs. Fay,’ said Doyle, in an amatory whisper to the leg of the table. ‘Ah, get out o’ that, Mistor Doyle,’ said Tim, accompanying the exclamation with a good shake, which somewhat roused the prostrate swain. ‘Who’s there?’ ‘I want you to come to bed, sir; ah, don’t be so foolish, Mistor Doyle. Sure you don’t think the misthiss would be rowlin’ on the flure there wid you, as dhruunk as a pig?’ ‘Dare not to wound her fame! Who says a word of Mrs. Fay?’ ‘Arrah, sure, you’re talkin’ there about her this half hour.’ ‘False, villain! Whisht, my darling,’ said he to the leg of the table; ‘I’ll never betray you. Hug me tight, Mrs. Fay!’ ‘Bad luck to the care I’ll care any more about you,’ says Tim: ‘sleep on the flure, if you like.’ And Doyle was left to pass the night in the soft imaginary delights of Mrs. Fay’s mahogany embraces.”

Ned of the Hill offers us another morsel which we must copy:—

“We hope it is not necessary to assure our fair readers that Edward O’Connor had nothing to do with this scene of drunken absurdity: no. Long before the evening’s proceedings had as-

sumed the character of a regular drinking-bout, he had contrived to make his escape, his head only sufficiently excited to increase his sentimentality; so, instead of riding home direct, he took a round of some eight miles, to have a look at Merryvale; for there dwelt Fanny Dawson—the darling Fanny Dawson, sister to Dick, whose devilry was more than redeemed in the family by the angelic sweetness of his lovely and sportive sister. For the present, however, poor Edward O'Connor was not allowed to address Fanny; but his love for her knew no abatement, notwithstanding; and to see the place where she dwelt had for him a charm. There he sat in his saddle, at the gate, looking up the long line of old trees through which the cold moonlight was streaming; and he fancied that Fanny's foot had trodden that avenue perhaps a few hours before, and even that gave him pleasure: for to those who love with the fond enthusiasm of Edward O'Connor, the very vacancy where the loved one has been is sacred. The horse pawed impatiently to be gone, and Edward reined him up with a chiding voice; but the animal continuing restless, Edward's apostrophes to his mistress and warnings to his horse made an odd mixture; and we would recommend gentlemen, after their second bottle, not to let themselves be overheard in their love-fits; for even as fine a fellow as Edward O'Connor is likely to be ridiculous under such circumstances. 'O Fanny!' cried Edward,—"my adored Fanny!"—then to his horse, "Be quiet, you brute!"—"My love—my angel—you devil, I'll thrash you, if you don't be quiet—though separated from me, you are always present to my mind; your bright eyes, your raven locks—your mouth's as hard as a paving-stone, you brute!"—Oh, Fanny, if fate be ever propitious; should I be blessed with the divine possession of your charms; you should then know—what a devil you are—you should then know the tenderest care. I'll guard you, caress you, fondle you—I'll bury my spurs in you, you devil. Oh, Fanny!—beloved one!—farewell—good night—a thousand blessings on you!—and now go and be d—d to you!" said he, bitterly, putting spurs to his horse and galloping home.

Our admired Andy re-appears at the close in a capital scene with his mother and cousin; but we leave this to its own place, whilst we conclude with one of the three songs thrown into this Part. The first, "Ned of the Hill," is a stirring ballad; the next, a miserable attempt by a pseudo-poetaster; and the last, which we quote, a happy extempore by Dr. Growling, on the same subject in which he quizzes and eclipses his lyrical precursor.

"Mr. Reddy (he says) has inspired me with a classic spirit; and if you will permit me, I'll volunteer a song [*Bravo! bravo!*], and give you another version of the subject he has so beautifully treated; only mine is not so heart-breaking. The doctor's proposition was received with cheers; and after he had gone through the mockery of clearing his throat and pitching his voice, after the usual manner of your would-be fine singers, he gave out, to the tune of a well-known rollicking Irish lilt, the following burlesque version of the subject of Reddy's song:—

"Love and Liquor.—A Greek Allegory.

I.

Oh sure 'twould amaze yiz
How one Mither Thezus
Desarted a lovely young lady of owld,
On a dissolute island,
All lonely and silent,
She sobb'd herself sick as she sat in the cowl,
Oh you'd think she was kilt,
As she roar'd, with the wilt

Wrapped round her in haste as she jump'd out of bed,
And ran down to the coast,
Where she look'd like a ghost,
Though 'twas he was departed—the vagabone fled.
And she cried, 'Well-a-day!
Sure my heart it is grey;
They're deceivers, them sojers that goes on half pay'

II.

While abusing the villain,
Came riding postilion
A nate little boy on the back of a baste,
Big enough, faith, to ate him,
But he leather'd and bate him,
And the beast to usate him ne'er struggl'd the last;
And an ligit car
He was drawing—by gar!
It was finer by far than a lord mayor's state-coach;
And the chap that was in it,
He sang like a linnet,
With a nate kaz of whisky beside him to broach.
And he tippl'd now and then,
Just a mather o' ten
Or twelve tumbler's o' punch to his bowld sarving men.

III.

They were dress'd in green livery,
But seem'd rather shivery,
For 'twas only a thrifle o' leaves that they wore;
But they caper'd away,
Like the sweeps on May-day,
And shouted and tippl'd the tumbler's galore!
A print of their mather
Is often in plaster—
O'Paris, put over the door of a lap;
A fine chubby fellow,
Ripe, rosy, and mellow,
Like a peach that is ready to drop in your lap.
Hurrah! for brave Bacchus,
A bottle to crack us,
He's a friend of the people, like bowld Caius Gracchus!

IV.

Now Bacchus perceiving
The lady was grieving,
He spoke to her civil, and tippl'd her a wink;
And the more that she fretted,
He soother'd and petted,
And gave her a glass her own health just to drink;
Her pulse it beat quicker,
The thrifle o' liquor
Enliven'd her sinking heart's cockles, I think:
So the moral is plain,
That if love gives you pain,
There's nothing can cure it like taking to drink!"

We have only to add, that Mr. Lover's pencil again shines in two appropriate illustrations; and we rejoice to learn that Andy is getting to be very handy to a widely extended circle of acquaintances. Well does he deserve his popularity.

The Castles and Abbeys of England, Part I. By W. Beattie, M.D. Mortimer and Haselden.—A very handsome commencement of what we must thence expect will be a beautiful and interesting work. We have received it too late for more careful examination this week; but a glance over it is sufficient to convince us of its superior merits both in literature and art.

No. I. Pictures of Popular People. By the Author of "The Great Metropolis," &c. London, G. Virtue.—Another go at the public. The thing is very cheap; but the works of "distinguished artists" very bad indeed.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket Theatre.—On Saturday last a play, entitled *Marriage*, by Mr. R. Bell, was produced at this theatre with such complete success as to have been repeated every night since. It has settled one pretension of the school of playwrights and undertakers, that a long apprenticeship to the stage is absolutely necessary before a person can write a five-act comedy; and that it is an impossibility to do so without consulting all sorts of dramatic artifices, situations, clap-traps, and the peculiar talents of particular performers. It is true that Mr. Bell's work was (and is, notwithstanding forty minutes' shortening) too long, and presents several errors, which a better acquaintance with construction in the drama might have averted.

But in the essentials of a sterling comedy,—well-drawn characters and excellent dialogue—he has left nothing to be wished. The blots in his play are—first, in our judgment, the introduction of the useless personages represented by Mr. Strickland and Miss Maywood; a ridiculously jealous husband in the honeymoon, acting in a manner which no society would tolerate; and a wife taught to rebel and carry her point in a manner too absurd for aught above farce. They have no connexion with the main story, and are quite folks to be let, or rather left out. The next objection is to the monstrous confidence given to Baldwin (Mr. Stuart) by Miss Adelaide Temple (Mrs. Pettin-gal, *alias* Miss Charles), and the making him, a man unknown to her except by observing him gazing at her in public, the accomplice to an imposition such as no modest or right-minded lady could ever have thought of resorting to, viz. to allow this dubious stranger to appear as her accepted lover in the face of the world. Our last fault is, the improper—if not immoral—tendency of making this Baldwin spout the most beautiful and honourable sentiments while he is playing the part of a base seducer and abandoner of his friend's daughter, and the worthless fortune-hunter of another woman; and to this mistake we may add, the accumulation of lowering the character of the unfortunate girl (Mrs. E. Yarnold), by forcing or persuading her to join in a villanous intrigue with a brutal gambler (Webster), to entrap and injure *Sir Harry Vivid* (Mr. Wallack), against whom Baldwin conspires, in order to remove him from the field, and uproot the affections of Adelaide. Yet, notwithstanding these defects, *Marriage* is a composition of first-rate talent, and gives certain assurance of far superior things from the same able hand. It acts well throughout, and was indeed admirably acted. Wallack never exerted himself more, and never shone with greater effect in genteel comedy. He was the gentleman in look and manner, and with all the vivacity of the author's original portrait. Next, and equal in merit, we must mention Mrs. E. Yarnold, who performed two very trying scenes in a style of unexpected pathos. She was a sweet impersonation of one not utterly lost, and readily restored from her degraded condition; and in person, voice, and action could not be surpassed. Mr. Stuart and Mrs. Pettin-gal deserve like praise—the former for his earnestness, and the latter for her sprightliness. Wrench as the *Hon. Mr. Pause* added immensely to the whim and drollery of the piece; and his quaint introduction of the pet phrases, "Such as it is," "Such as they are," &c. &c., was greeted with continual laughter. Webster disguised himself so effectually as the low gambler, that he could not be detected till he spoke; of this minor part he made a perfect and very happy study. All the other *dramatis personæ* were sustained in a manner worthy of the upper circle; and a well-written epilogue, by Mrs. Pettin-gal and the lessee, finished the triumph of *Marriage*, in a way most agreeable to the latter, and delightful for the author.

Adelphi.—We always think Mr. Yates has done his utmost when the last spectacle comes under our notice, and that with his small stage he can achieve no more; but another and another, and then *The Queen of Cyprus* (produced on Monday, with great success), have convinced us of our error. This last, an adaptation from Helvyn's opera, is a splendid production, surpassing, in the arrangement of scenery, grouping, &c., any of the previous pieces of the same class. The principal parts are sustained by Mrs.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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